

Explanation.

As there may be some misunderstanding amongst our Grit friends about the entertainment given in the Mechanics' Hall, London, under the auspices of the Conservative Association of that city last Wednesday evening, we beg to state that Messrs WM. MACDOUGALL and RUFUS STEPHENSON did not sing the leading parts in OFFENBACH'S operatta of the *Blind Beggar*, given on the occasion, nor did the face of *Dandy Lion's Dodge* have any reference to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD'S dancing around the new Governor General.

The Pie.

(By our Contributor in the Woods.)

"Bring forth the pie!" we said, and soon the odour spread around,
From earth to sky the vapour rose, while buzzing loud the sound
Of expectation and delight along the board did fly,
The board that presently did groan beneath that monstrous pie.

How high, how broad, how vast along that table it did lie!
Y'baken in a vessel huge, undestined for a pie,
For, far too small each earthen dish—too small each dish of tin,
The goodwife seized a milkpan huge, and built it up therein.

Above the dish's massive wall how high the fabric rose,
Of paste a huge Sebastopol, it frowned upon its foes;
So reared its Russian prototype its battlements on high,
So fell the great Sebastopol as fell our famous pie.

A monster great it looked which had from monster oven got.
Like dragon sprung from fiery cave, in wrath all hissing hot,
But shortly was it met withal—along from left to right
Flashed bright the blades of those who had stout stomachs for the fight.

They made a deadly breach with glee: they sacked the guarded town,
They formed a phalanx jollily and hewed the dragon down;
Upon the spoils they feasted high, and each did other tell,
"Well, now, I like this style of thing particularly well."

For in that pie were denizens of forests vast around,
Which squirrels hight, and had the day before come to the ground;
With whack supreme from lofty wood where beech and maple grow,
Slap in the midst of eager crowd of huntsmen down below.

Then might you hear the cry, "Hooray! I see another one,
Shoot at him!" "There he is!" "He's not!" "Now!" Bang goes
some one's gun,
And different was the game they got, and chickens fat they slew,
And seized each herb of savory taste that in the garden grew.

That was a pie! What matters then which way the country goes,
If Clear Grit or if Tory grab, or if our Yankee foes
Come swooping down with pike and gun, while havoc fills the air,
While to the woods we may retreat, and feast on woodland fare.

There happily shall Appetite upon Profusion wait,
And Indigestion never stand a traitor in the gate;
Call not my theme undignified, nor grumble then that I,
In strains poetic raise the fame of that tremendous pie.

Crocodile Tears and Alligator Joy.

GLOBE EDITOR, with joy beaming from his countenance, sits down at his desk and writes:

"It is our melancholy duty to inform the public that Mr. TILLEY has wretchedly failed in his mission to England. Not more than half the amount of the loan has been placed, and even that at poor rates. We exceedingly regret—"

(*Aside.*—O! it's too good to be true! Glorious, Glorious!!! Now we have the Tories on the hip! this is the happiest day I have known since the 17th of September! *Dances an impromptu reel, and falls into his chair overcome with rapture.*)

Enter telegraph boy with cable message, which he hands to Editor.

Editor reads message, and begins a fresh article:

"It affords us unlimited pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. TILLEY has been successful after all. The other half of the loan has been disposed of, and thus the Government will be able to proceed with the important public works now in progress. We heartily congratulate—"

(*Aside.*—O, TILLEY be hanged!!! London Stock Market be blown! Maledictions fall on all connected with it, and the corrupt crew that now clutch the sweets of office!!! (*Prances around the room in a frenzy, kicks the telegraph boy down stairs, and retires singing:* "There's a sigh in heart though the lips may be gay."

Irish Eloquence in the East.

MR. GRIP has steadfastly abstained from partizanship in our political struggles. His Websterian mind is far too philosophical not to give credit to or condemn either side according to their merits or demerits impartially. In consideration of such, he refrains from giving the name of the learned and literary gentleman, a fragment of whose speech, delivered on Friday evening last, he now gives to his readers, not by way of endorsement of the political views therein contained, but rather as a literary study for young aspirants for public fame, whether Grit and Tory.

The eloquent gentleman commenced as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I stand upon the Rosthrum this evening with the full consciousness that the innate modesty which occasionally mars my oratorical efforts will be taken into consideration by you, and which modesty I now offer as an excuse if my eloquence does not beyond all peradventure convince you who will be by far the fittest man to represent you in this glorious, pious, and immortal constituency in the Local Legislature, and fill the place of its late distinguished occupant, who as leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition was second to but one—need I name the Right Honourable JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Q.C., K.C.B., whom I left not five minutes ago on his way to Ottawa on the thrain, when he dictated to me to come here and inform you that his ideas regarding the fitness of individual candidates intoirly agree with my own. Misher Chairman, you doubtless recollect when DYONISIUS, the toyrant of Sicily, (*Chairman, "Faith, I don't."*) used, in the cruelty of his diabolical nature, to chain a live prisoner to the corpse of his late comrade, and finally bury both of them in the same grave. Gintlemen will see the delicate application of this classic recollection, in the position of Mr. MACKENZIE politically dead, and the still living Mr. MOWAT, whom we must proceed to—well we must proceed to—of course not in imitation of the Toyrant—but Gintlemen—"

(Here our reporter, being overcome by the contemplation of the villainous DYONISIUS and the startling applicability of his actions to our own political situation, swooned. The remainder of the gentleman's harangue may be seen in last Saturday's *Mail*.)



BRECHER'S lecture on the "Reign of the Common People," didn't turn out to be about the Conservative Government, after all.

OUR fair Princess carries a cane when she goes out walking. The married men of Ottawa are getting dreadfully afraid that this custom will become general.

LADY GOOCH was charged with palming off a spurious child on her husband, but the Grand Jury threw the Bill out of Court. BILL is the husband's name, isn't it?

THOSE Reform editors who have put their foot in it by proclaiming the Finance Minister's failure will have time to cogitate DAVY CROCKETT'S maxim: A man should wait TILLEY'S sure, then go ahead.

It is reported that the female members of the Civil Service are all to be dismissed. We hope the gal-last Conservative Government will at least show the ladies old politely. The reason of the dismissal is that the girls are too dear.

MR. LEYS says he is in favour of abolishing exemptions from taxation excepting on Churches. Now, let Mr. MORRIS declare that he will go the whole figure, Churches and all, and he is sure of defeat, though GRIP would vote for him early and often.

The *Telegram* complains that the *Globe* has not yet said anything definitely in favour of any of the candidates for Mayor. It is none of your business Mr. *Telegram*, of course; but would you be surprised to hear that each of the candidates had arranged with the organ not to advocate his cause, whatever it does?

THE Mayoralty contest is going to be triangular, though it is to be hoped this will not prevent it from being square. That the civic ship needs better MANNING next year, everybody is convinced; though who is to be Mayor is as yet hard to determine. The candidate first in the field stands a good chance of BEATYNG his opponents, though he will no doubt have a CLOSE tussle for it.

A TELEGRAM to the *Globe* from Woodstock describes the opening of a pigeon-shooting tournament in that town last Wednesday, and concludes with: "Only two squads have so far shot. The balance will be shot to-morrow." We presume this last sentence refers to the squads—not to the pigeons, and we congratulate the moral people of Woodstock that they are going to promptly punish these professors of the manly art of bird murder in the way they deserve.